

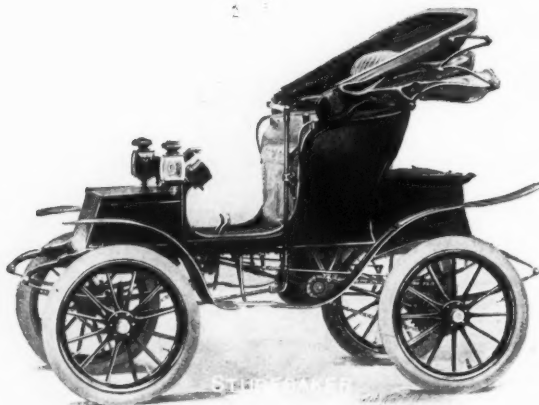


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Studebaker

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No business man who has ever used a Studebaker Electric Runabout or Stanhope for visiting his bank, his attorney, going to and from his home, to his office, or to luncheon, or a score of the other short excursions he finds it necessary to make every day, ever again desires to utilize any other conveyance whatever.

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hats are for the discriminating—those for whom the best is none too good. The superiority of artistic handwork is clearly apparent.

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THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
BROADWAY AT THIRTEENTH ST., NEW YORK



SAVES HER TONGUE

"YOU SAY YOU HAD THE STEERING-WHEEL
PUT ON THE LEFT OUT OF CONSIDERATION
FOR YOUR WIFE?"

"YES; I'M DEAF IN MY RIGHT EAR."



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**Pullman
Passenger Cars**

SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF QUICK TRANSPORTATION FOR COUNTRY CLUBS AND HOMES

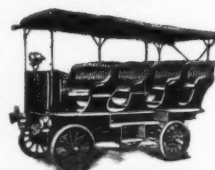
Built especially for country clubs, golf clubs, house parties, summer resorts and hotels, they represent the ideal method of country and suburban transportation.

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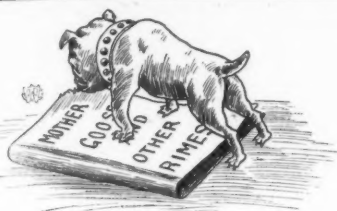
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"A BOOK OF VERSES UNDERNEATH THE BOW"

Bridge

THIS is a popular pastime and much of the attention of our best minds in high society is concentrated upon guessing whether or not a given card is in the hand of a person on his right or on his left. In order to be an accomplished bridge player one must possess the following attributes:

1. A dress suit. (This does not apply to ladies.)
2. A roll of clean bills with a rubber band encircling them.
3. A cigarette.
4. A stoical, bland and unimpassioned nature.
5. A piece of paper and a pencil.
6. A partner, usually of the opposite sex.

You may, with delicacy, criticize nearly every play your partner makes. She doubtless deserves it; but, as a rule, this criticism should not extend beyond her prowess as a player. Try to remember that a gentleman is one who never unintentionally insults anybody.

Bridge should never be played seriously. One should carry on an animated conversation during the course of play. It is customary, too, to hold the cards in one hand, and a hot buttered muffin in the other. Get up from the table rather frequently and telephone, receive visitors, give orders to the servants and pour tea. The questions, "Who led?" "What are trumps?" "Is that my trick?" etc., etc., are always permissible and lend some spirit to what otherwise might prove a dull game.

In playing bridge with two ladies, a man should be careful to play "highest man and highest woman." In this way he will be playing against a man, and his chance of being recompensed for his winnings will be less remote. *Never play with three ladies.*

When you are dummy and your partner has finished playing the hand, you should invariably glare at her (or him) and make one of the following remarks.

1. You played it the only way to lose the odd!
2. Why, in Heaven's name, didn't you get out the trumps?
3. You must lose a pot of money at this game, don't you?
4. It's lucky I'm not playing ten-cent points.
5. Why not take your finesse the other way?
6. The eight of clubs was good, you know!
7. Yes, if you had played your ace of diamonds we would have saved it.
8. It's a pity you didn't open the hearts.—*Metro-politan Magazine.*

Open to Question

THE principal of one of the largest and best-known girls' boarding-schools in the country was a splendid woman, but one whose discipline was not always appreciated by those directly under its sway—as often happens. Being called out of the city unexpectedly one time just before time for the weekly evening prayer service, her absence left those next in authority unprepared to take her place. But the assistant principal thought of a brilliant way out of the difficulty, and, rising, she gravely announced: "Since Miss — has unexpectedly been called away, I think under the circumstances it will be most advisable to hold a praise service of song."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*



After a vehicle tire has persistently made good for over twelve years, it isn't necessary to do more than remind you of the name—

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Made at Akron, Ohio. Sold by carriage manufacturers everywhere.

"Rubber Tired" is a book about them. Sent free on request.

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The OXYGEN Tooth Powder
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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N.Y.**

As It Was In The Beginning

The "Maxwell"

Car is now and (I promise) ever shall be an honest Car—honestly designed—conscientiously built—truthfully sold and in good faith backed up by its makers after it is in the hands of the buyer.

Times and conditions may change, but principles never do.

Maxwell principles of construction—chief among which are Thermosiphon cooling; Unit Power Plant with three point suspension; and metal body—are sound; all have been time-tried and road proven.

Here and there you'll find a maker who has adopted one or more of these Maxwell features, but only in Maxwell Cars do you find a combination of all of them.

I always feel sorry for the maker or sales manager who finds it necessary to contradict year after year all he has said previously, or who must devise new "talking points" to cover up past mistakes. I feel more sorry for the people who are beguiled into buying his cars.

Maxwell advertisements of four years ago expounded the same theories and principles as do those of 1908—and those of next year will be consistent with this. That's only one expression of Maxwell stability—it's one reason why Maxwell owners are such a contented lot. Our catalog is free.

Benj. Briscoe

President
MAXWELL-BRISCOE MOTOR CO.
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"They're all on the Favourite"



USHER'S
SPECIAL RESERVE
WHISKY



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin

ALL-RAIL TO CAPE MAY BY DELAWARE RIVER BRIDGE

Easter will be celebrated at Cape May this year as never before. The opening of the new Cape May Hotel is the reason. This handsome million-dollar structure, built of steel, brick and stone, is six stories high and absolutely fireproof. It has every convenience and luxury of the newest city hotels, besides a most desirable feature which they lack—hot and cold salt and fresh water in each of its 150 bathrooms. It is splendidly located, two hundred feet from the ocean, with a matchless ocean view.

In front of the hotel stretches the seven-mile boardwalk and the fine ocean boulevard, and back of it is the magnificent harbor and the golf course.

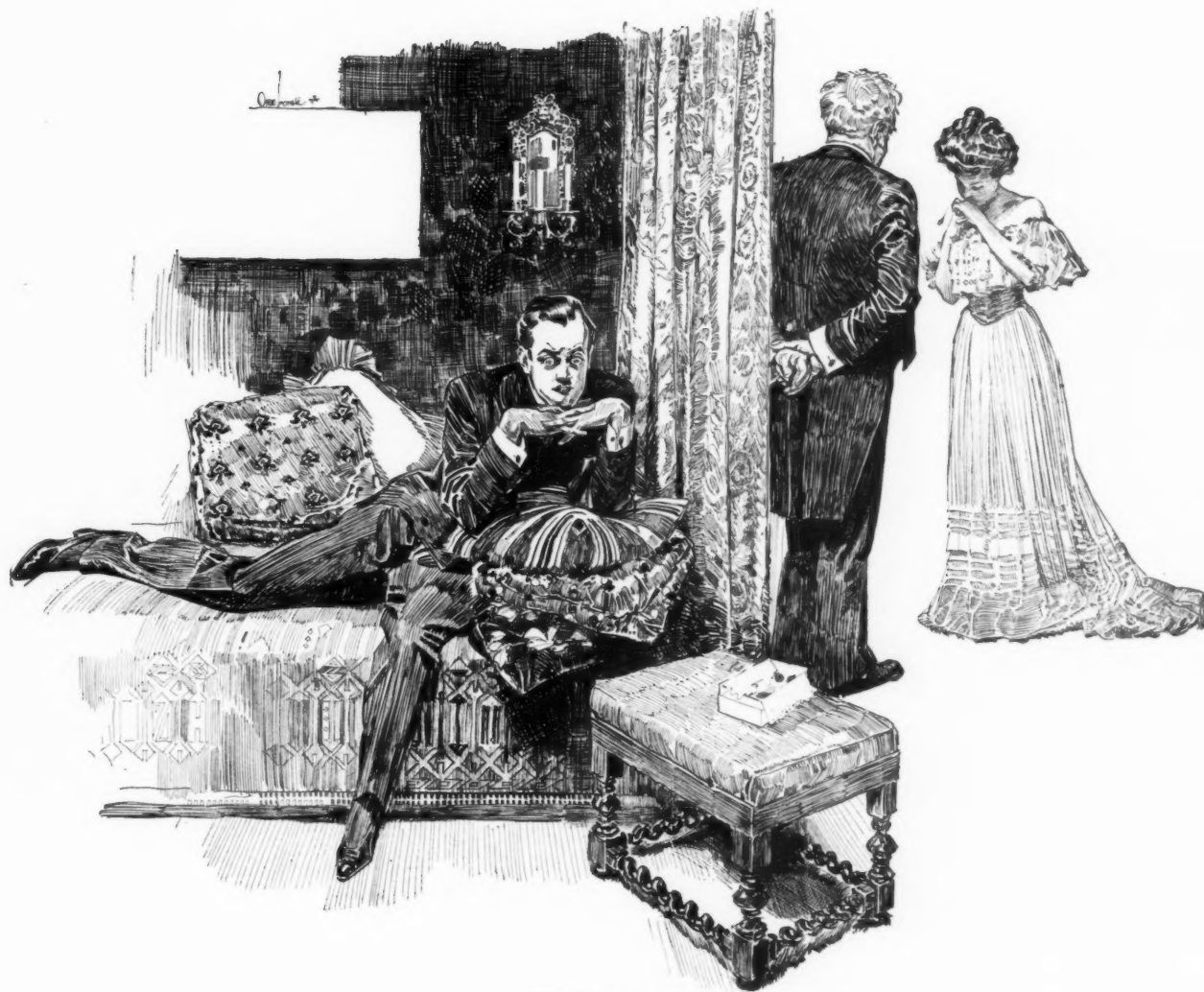
The climate of Cape May at this season is exceptionally enjoyable, being mild but bracing and highly tempting to out-of-door exercise.

The new million-dollar Hotel Cape May is now open and will remain open during the entire year.

Train leaving New York at 1:55 P.M. weekdays makes direct connection at North Philadelphia with train to Cape May via the Delaware River Bridge, arriving Cape May 6:02 P.M. Returning, train leaving Cape May 8:05 A.M. weekdays, connects with train arriving New York at 12:00 noon.

On Sundays, train leaving Broad Street Station for Cape May connects with midnight train from New York. Returning, train leaving Cape May at 5:30 P.M. connects with 8:00 P.M. train from Philadelphia, arriving New York 10:30 P.M.

LIFE



ASKING PAPA, 1908

"WHY, MERCY! BETTINA IS STAMMERING MORE THAN SHE DID OVER ASKING ME!"

Lines

ADMIRABLE in other respects as we knew the Japanese Ambassador to be, few of us have been aware of his proficiency as a poet. But it seems that the impression made upon his Oriental imagination by his first interview with our Chief Magistrate was such as could be adequately expressed only in verse. The accompanying stanzas will appeal to all patriotic Amer-

icans who happen to be also acquainted with the musical language of Nippon. For the benefit of those who do not enjoy the latter privilege we append a rude attempt at translation:

Amanagawa
I-ho-e-kakariti
Mikado kawa ni muki-te;
Omoi-sugu-beki yoruzu
Tamakuri-kawashi?
Te! Hikoboshi-bo.

Fukinishi ni dedachi Funanori
Kumo-tachi-wataru!

Glittering like the stars of the River of Heaven,

I see before me the Teeth of the Yankee Mikado.

I see also his little Toothbrush.

Shall it be said that he brushes his Teeth? No! That were to put the less before the greater.

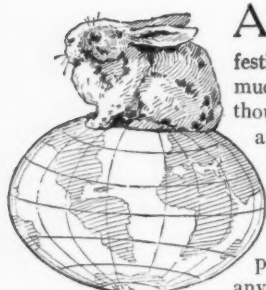
Say, rather, O Hikoboshi,
He Teeths his Brush!



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LI. APRIL 16, 1908 No. 1329

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



AROUND to us again comes the great spring festival and finds us very much more than usually thoughtful as to which eggs are going to hatch out, and what sort of a brood the Easter rabbit will produce. Nobody is unduly blithe about the prospect. Nobody looks for anything but discipline in the next six months, but opinions vary very much as to how long a dispensation of discipline it is the part of prudence to expect. Some observers think we are already sufficiently chastened. Others recall Ben Franklin's "Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that." The mass of the American people, these latter observers hold, require more of the costly schooling of experience than they have had yet before they can get back into a frame of mind fit to offer effectual seductions to prosperity.

Well, well, who can say? We know no more than that we will get whatever is coming, will have whatever President the voters elect, will do whatever business can be done, and that most of us, one way or another, will support life. To-morrow has got to take care of itself, our hands being sufficiently full with the problems of to-day. At least we need not perish prematurely of fright. The crops will grow and will be harvested and we shall be fed; the nights will be of the usual length and we shall have the usual chance to get our sleep. As for the rest, with courage and philosophy we are bound to make out somehow, and may make out much better and more happily than we expect.

Certainly this world is not maintained by the Superior Intelligence that con-

trived it, for the mere purpose of fattening folks. Wisdom and the diffusion of nourishment are geared together, but their interdependence is purposed, not so much that nourishment shall abound as for the increase of wisdom. If we are to have lean pickings for some time to come because of our deficiency in wisdom, let us bear it with philosophy and patience, and cast about to make wisdom increase again, so that discipline may abate.



THE Constitution of the State of New York says that "no law shall be passed abridging the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government or any department thereof." Section 451 of the Penal Code makes it a misdemeanor for three or more persons (1) to assemble with intent to commit any unlawful act by force; or (2) to assemble with intent to carry out any purpose in such a manner as to disturb the public peace, or (3) after being assembled to attempt or threaten any act tending toward a breach of the peace, or any injury to person or property. The ordinances of the city of New York provide that persons who want to hold public meetings in the city parks shall first get a permit from the Park Department. No doubt it is within the constitutional rights of any city to say whether a meeting shall be held in this or that of its parks, or not. At any rate, the Socialists who wanted to hold a mass meeting of the unemployed and others in Union Square on March 28 applied for permission and it was refused them. Then they tried, apparently, to go ahead and hold their meeting anyhow, which was wrong; and the police dispersed them, which was right. A nineteen-year-old Russian Jew person, named Silverstein, full of zeal and antipathy to the police, had made a bomb to take to the meeting—and took it. And though there wasn't much of a meeting, Silverstein insisted that his bomb should speak even if no one else could. And speak it did, and killed one bystander and mangled Silverstein himself very disastrously. And it turned out that Silverstein was an anarchist of record, with the papers that seemed to qualify him to work on anarchist jobs without risk of having the other anarchists prove him to be a

"scab," however much they might criticize his efforts as unskillful or untimely.



THAT is the main story of the Union Square episode. We do not yet quite understand why the interesting Socialists were not to be permitted to have their meeting. Was it a wise discretion that denied them that privilege? Must the thoughts of the Socialists boil up in them without vent in the open air? Are the unemployed not to be allowed to get together and express their views of the existing order? Are the chances that there will be bomb-throwing at any big Socialist meeting so good that the police ought not to be expected to risk being blown up? We do not wish to have policemen blown up, or even exposed to unnecessary risks. On the other hand, the Socialists and the unemployed ought to have a chance to meet, even in considerable number, and speak their minds, so long as their assemblies do not violate the provisions of the Penal Code and so long as they are willing to risk having their numbers distributed by bombs dropped by impulsive anarchist persons.

It must be confessed that Silverstein did his best to vindicate the discretion of the authorities in refusing to allow Mr. Robert Hunter and his friends to hold a mass meeting in Union Square. It is the anarchists, then, that are the enemies of free speech and the right of assembly, rather than the police, or the authorities.

What the city of New York seems to need is a suitable place for Socialist meetings. We recommend a large enclosure, surrounded by a tight fence, twenty feet high, made of armor belt, and roofed over near the rim with stout wire netting which would let in light, air and rain, but prevent bombs from being thrown out from the inside. In such a fold as this the Socialists might meet all they liked, leaving the police safe outside, but taking their own chances of damage from the enthusiasm of the meetings, or from anarchists with bombs who happened to be present. London seems to get along without an institution of this sort. Over there they manage, somehow, to let their Socialists meet in the parks, but perhaps there is a difference in Socialists, as there certainly is in city populations.

Get Both Sides

WERE P. T. Barnum alive to-day he might be interested in yet another startling illustration of the truth of his statement that we love to be humbugged.

We all have our friends—or acquaintances—who tell us with earnest faces and credulous hearts the benefits of vivisection. The best way to treat these people is to ask: "Where did you get it?" You will discover, ninety-seven times out of a hundred, that Dr. Thingummy has been giving them the true "facts of the case." And you will also discover that Dr. Thingummy never refers to the

army of eminent surgeons who denounced it. He makes no allusion to Dr. Arnold, for instance, who declared vivisection "a barren and misleading method of research, from whose practice no benefit had accrued to humanity"; nor to Dr. Bigelow's famous announcement that "the larger part of vivisection is as useless as was an *auto-da-je*"; nor to Dr. Leon Marchand, professor at the Sorbonne, who said of vivisection, "it is not only strange and inhuman, but illusory and dangerous." Nor, in short, to whole volumes of convincing testimony against it.

There is no harm in being humbugged for amusement at the circus, as Barnum did it. But don't be humbugged concerning the vivisection. He is fighting to make lectures interesting to medical students—and for perpetuating the Halls of Agony.

The Department of Presidential Candidates

HOW a Presidential candidate ought to act opens up a nice question. Upon the judgment which he uses in its determination oftentimes depends the choice of a nation.

It is related that Governor Hughes, who recently heard that one of his nieces had been dancing, wrote her a letter and reprimanded her. Thus we have the striking example of a famous person catering to the Baptist vote by seizing a nice opportunity. This action, however, might have been due to overanxiety in the face of a trying campaign, and the result of nervousness, rather than the best judgment. Doubtless this will ever be an open question. For it must be remembered, there is also the broadly liberal vote, which thoroughly believes in dancing. What was gained in Baptist circles might easily be lost among the broadly liberals. This is but an instance of the delicacy of judgment required.

In general a Presidential candidate will wear a frock coat on public occasions, carry a gold-headed cane occasionally and, of course, be seen in some church every Sunday. Not to be seen in church on Sunday argues a flippancy of attitude toward Providence and allied powers not to be tolerated for a moment. We can conceive of nothing that would so militate against the chances of a Presidential candidate as for him to be seen in a red sweater punching a bag on Sunday morning.



HARDLY THIS

When at a public dinner, it is proper for him to refuse to drink. The latest style rather indicates that he should say quietly that he is not squeamish about such things, but does not like to set an example to young men.

Having made up his list of evils, he will, of course, denounce them on every occasion. Denouncing evils, indeed, is the principal business of a Presidential candidate.

This, however, is by no means the whole story. It might be better for a Presidential candidate conspicuously to do as he pleases, even if the thing he does is reprehensible—simply to establish a reputation for fearlessness.

It is notorious that a few damns, now and then, have never hurt any Presidential candidate. They indicate a certain ruggedness, while in themselves not offensive enough to be regarded with too much horror in pious circles.

Perhaps the best rule for a Presidential candidate is not to talk too much; if he keeps silent, he may be thought profound.

Of course, no Presidential candidate ever is profound. The nature of his occupation prevents this.

But the masses of the people are perfectly willing to be fooled once or twice in the course of a lifetime. Or, what would be the use of a high-minded Democracy like ours?

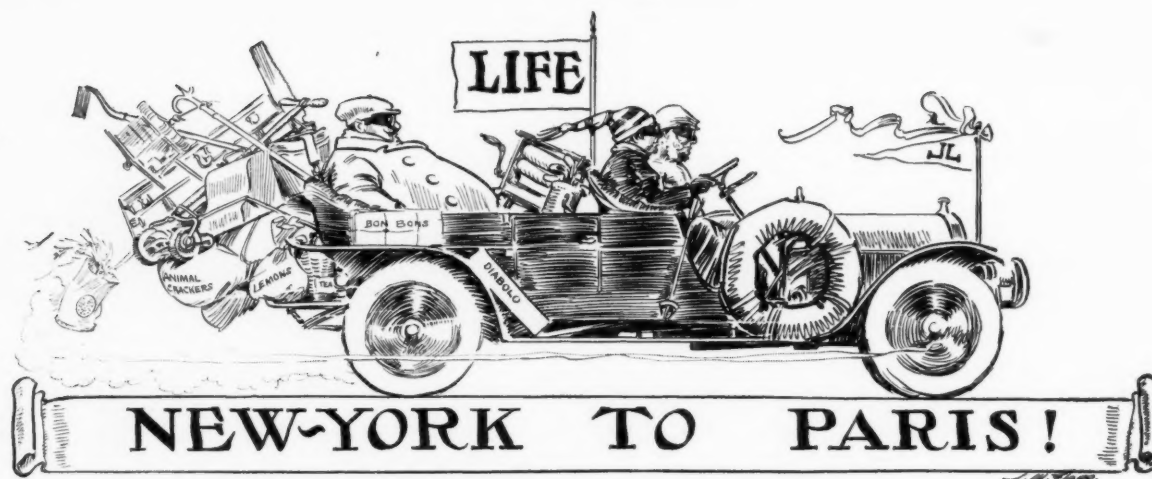
Its Fault

"AS YOU see," says the enthusiast, "my scheme of health culture is simple, sensible and sane. No crazy ideas in it, no fool foods to eat, no outlandish clothing to wear, no silly routine to follow—just a safe and plain régime of common-sense method. It ought to make a great success."

"My dear boy," says the experienced listener, "that's just the trouble with it. Nobody can be made to believe that good health can be secured by any method which has good sense back of it."



Little Gertrude (thoughtfully): WELL, I S'POSE I DO LOVE JESUS CHRIST BEST, BUT SANTY CLAUS HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PRETTY GOOD FRIEND TO ME.



Metcalf keeps Up the Awful Pace with Undaunted Front

PLUNGING westward!

The Zip is now in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Nothing remains in the Chauncey Depew tires but the air of resignation he blew into them, but this is good for all time.

When the car reached Salt Lake City Dub Comstock wanted to stop off for a week or so and raid a few art stores just for luck, but he was sternly repressed.

"On to Maxim's!" was the battle-cry.

This revived him so that at latest advices he was sitting on the front seat reading over an account of how he had succeeded in putting nearly three thousand people in jail.

But hold! We must retrace our explosions for a moment.

The affair at Albany had called the attention of the whole country to LIFE's great auto race.

The appalling fact that Anthony Comstock was leaving the morals of the country in charge of Governor Hughes, while he cylindered away to Siberia, spread over the land like a village scandal.

The news that the world-famous Yale graduates, Taft and Metcalfe, had undertaken the greatest race known in modern gasoline circles was greeted with loud huzzas all along the line of smell.

Here is the story by whiffs.

It was early morning in Albany when Comstock and Hughes kissed each other a long farewell, their whiskers mingling with their tears, and the car sped on to Syracuse.

A light snow was falling, obscuring the horizon ahead. Indeed, the atmosphere was so dense that several farmers' wagons were completely wrecked before the car could be hesitated.

Suddenly Dub Comstock leaned forward, his face gleaming with almost human intelligence.

"There's something of great interest ahead," he muttered. "My instincts tell me that we are drawing near to a bevy of beauties."

"Shut up, Dub!" said Taft, giving him a playful kick in the face. "It's bad enough to endure your presence, without having to listen to you."

Dub whimpered, but continued to strain his eyes ahead.

HONK! HONK!

He was right, as usual. Suddenly there loomed, nearly dead ahead over the snowdrifts, the smoke of a large white car.

The Zip was going about 70 per.

Metcalf, giving the familiar Yale war-whoop, clicked up the sparker. The "speedy" stunted up to 82. Taft's stomach flattened in the wind.

"We're gaining!" shouted Dub, with a glad smile. "Aha! I see blond hair. This is something all to the good!"

In the meantime the occupants of the other car had looked back.

It was evident they, too, were speeding up, for now no gain was visible.

Faint screams were heard.

"It's three members of Chorus Girls' Union Number One," muttered Dub.

"I know 'em by their colors. Speed her up!" he cried.

The excitement was now intense.

Suddenly there was a loud report.

A tire had burst on the flying car ahead.

In another moment the Zip had caught up.

Then the truth was plain.

It seems that District Attorney Jerome, Doctor Charles Parkhurst and Andrew Carnegie had simultaneously heard the day before of LIFE's great auto race.

"This will never do," said Carnegie. "Why, no one will be talking about us if we allow those chaps to make that trip. We must get ahead of them and steal their explosions."

"It's just about time for me to leave the country, anyway," said Jerome, "so I'll join you."

"In order," said Charles Parkhurst, "to keep you all straight, I'll go with you."

Thus, accompanied by three members of Union Number One, they had started after the Zip.

And this was the result!

As LIFE's car whizzed by, just as Parkhurst was getting out the inner tubes and Jerome was jacking her up in a snowdrift, Taft sang out with a smile: "Meet us at Maxim's, boys!"

But never an answer came back. Dub Comstock wanted to stop, but he got a soft punch in the jaw for his pains.

This was one of the pleasant little incidents of the day.

Toward evening Buffalo was reached.



LIFE'S CAR PASSING NIAGARA



. . . in the heart of the Rocky Mountains

Here a telegram from the White House was handed aboard.

Metcalfe, Buffalo, en route to Maxim's:
Will you be my successor? T. R.

To which the following reply was sent:

Not while Comstock lives. My duty is too plain.

From Buffalo to Waterloo, Indiana, nothing happened except that a railroad engine was run over on a crossing, damaging slightly one of the Zip's side-lights.

Passing Niagara several local cars attempted to follow, but only for a short distance.

At Waterloo the car was met by a delegation of Indiana female poets.

Dub Comstock hid himself in the bottom of the car, where he couldn't be seen.

"Not for me!" he exclaimed.

Thus the meters flew by until Chicago was reached.

Here a grand reception was held. W. J. Bryan was the orator of the day.

As the car drew up in front of the Auditorium, the crowd was almost as dense as an army of the unemployed on the East Side, or the Subway at sundown.

Leaving Dub Comstock to wash and clean her up, and warning him that if he loafed any there would be nothing doing

for him when they got to Maxim's, Driver Metcalfe and Globe-Whizzed Taft passed inside.

Miniature models of the Iroquois Theatre, all ablaze, with a large audience and closed doors, were distributed to the audience by the Theatrical Trust.

Mr. Bryan said:

"I will not make a formal speech, my intention being to talk only for about three hours and a half. After this, the customary explanation will be read by a representative of the Standard Oil Company of why that Christian Trust has been treated with such injustice. This will be succeeded by a reading of the President's latest message. The Merry Widow waltz will be played on the side as an accompaniment. Chauncey Depew will then regale us with a few bright stories. The W. C. T. U. glee club will then sing the Star-Spangled Banner, and Dr. Dwight Hillis, accompanied by Hamilton Wright Mabie, will offer a prayer of their joint composing. We will then be entertained by a biograph exhibition of John Drew dressing himself for a part, and the exercises will be concluded by a short, extra dry benediction by Lyman Abbot."

Metcalfe looked at his companion in misery.

"What say you?" he gasped.

"I say," replied Taft, "give me Siberia or give me death!"

So saying, they stole hurriedly back to the car.

Once more kicking Dub Comstock in the face—this being the signal agreed upon for departure—before any one could object the Zip was speeding toward the Rocky Mountains.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Taft, as they passed Nebraska. "This trip is well worth taking for the things we escape!"

Wyoming loomed ahead. Several Indian reservations were run down. The wonderful car sang sleeplessly on. Suddenly the air began to grow cold. The temperature dropped degrees at a time. Metcalfe leaned forward. There was a great, overwhelming chill ahead. Dub Comstock's hands, as he strained his beloved "Three Weeks" to his Gargantuan chest, began to be frostbitten. But still he clung.

Taft craned his curved front toward the coming peril, as he pulled down his fur cap.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as, just at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in the dim distance, they saw the outlines of a great car, covered with ice, "as I thought—Fairbanks is ahead of us!"

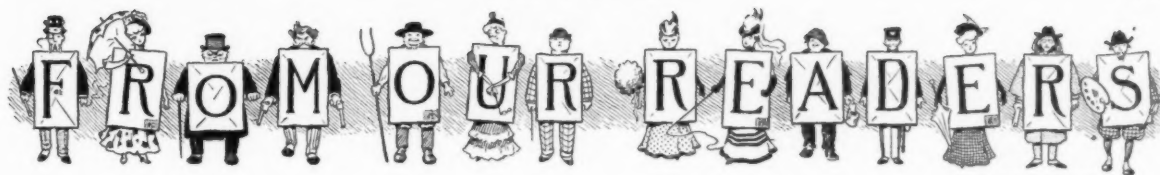
(To be continued)

In Wall Street

"WHAT does ex. dividend mean?"
"Money coming in that you've already spent."



A STRIKING AD.



LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:
Dear Sirs—I beg to call to your notice, and possibly that of your readers, an article which appeared to-day in one of our "great dailies," in which it relates at length how one Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, saved the life of a child through the knowledge gained by hundreds of experiments, involving vivisection performed on cats, rabbits, dogs and guinea-pigs.

The article closes with the following paragraph:

"This is the first case on record where so young a child was successfully operated upon in this manner. If the cats and dogs and rabbits have a heaven, the ones which gave their lives to give Dr. Carrel the experience which saved the life of Dr. —'s daughter ought to have high places in it."

Only a small number of us believe in a heaven for cats and dogs and rabbits. I think, however, that the majority of us agree that, should there by chance be such a place, the unfortunate little beasts which had the misfortune of meeting Dr. Carrel in this world should have the brightest prospects in the world to come.

A great many of us believe in a heaven for ourselves, possibly even Dr. Carrel himself, but I do not think we should be justified in encouraging the Doctor in the hope of a very high place in it.

I am, dear LIFE, very truly yours,
 THEODORE B. TRUSLOW.

New York City, March 20, 1908.

We are forced, through lack of space, to omit the article referred to in our correspondent's letter. It recorded an operation of transfusion of blood.

A Letter

EDITOR LIFE:

Leslie M. Shaw, special trust envoy, has been here and came with his pneumogastric nerve tingling; he croaked and scolded and predicted dire things. We took him to the Mint, and he tested the gold eagles with acid and looked sour when they didn't sizzle; he thought they were brass; we showed him the silver, the basis for the flexible currency and he fainted; we took him to the smelters, and he protested that the slag was really of more value than the bullion.

Then he made us a speech, a careful, insinuating, anti-big-stick speech. He said, and said plainly, that the trusts, the rail-

roads and the insurance companies had robbed the people right and left, but now they had been caught at it and that if trusted for four years more would certainly not be caught again. Here we applauded. Then he got impatient and said he meant that they would be good and need not be watched.

Well, civilization being a matter of climate, and having a climate that assures us the very highest possible type of civilization, we did not take Mr. Shaw seriously, but hurried him off to banquet after banquet until he really forgot to growl at things.

The pleasantly ponderous Mr. Taft had made a very vivid impression and Shaw came to remove it; but it would not out. Cool, crafty, dyspeptic, he begged for a longer lease of life for Wall Street and Wall Street ways, but we patted him on the shoulder, offered to loan him some money, if he needed it, and sent him away wondering how it all came about that we did not approve of uninstructed delegations.

We propose to take no chances of getting the dyspeptic Mr. Shaw, the smooth Mr. Root, the equally unctuous Mr. Knox. The rugged Mr. Hughes might come in a good second, but the heir apparent of Mr. Roosevelt is the leading man.

EZRA WILSON.

Denver, Colorado, 1908.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Gentlemen—Enclosed find Postal Money Order for \$5.00 for one year's subscription to LIFE.

A little spice, a little wit, something clever from God's country are absolutely essential. It helps a man to keep digging away, looking for the bright spots, and Lord knows, it's hard enough to do either in this land of "endless sunshine," "somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst, where there ain't no ten commandments, and a man can raise a thirst."

This is a Moro fiesta day, a day when all Moros bathe. As I sit by the open office window and look out on many dusky natives splashing around in the tepid waters of the Malabang River, I can't help but draw a contrast between this climate and that at home at the time of writing.

Cholera is bad around here now, but a little thing like that can't bother a surveyor; so send along your publication, I guess I'll be alive to read it.

Luck for the coming year.

Respectfully,

L. A. HENDERSON.

Address Chief of Party No. 22, Bureau of Lands, Manila, P. I.

Malabang, Moro, P. I., Jan. 16, 1908.

LIFE'S Marriage Contest

NEXT week LIFE will begin the publication of some of the replies received in this contest which has been announced in the last three issues.

On account of the great number of replies received, it will not be possible to answer all the questions, or to return all the unavailable manuscripts.

Contestants are not required to fill in the blank, but can write their replies on a separate sheet. Each contestant can send in as many replies as he or she desires.

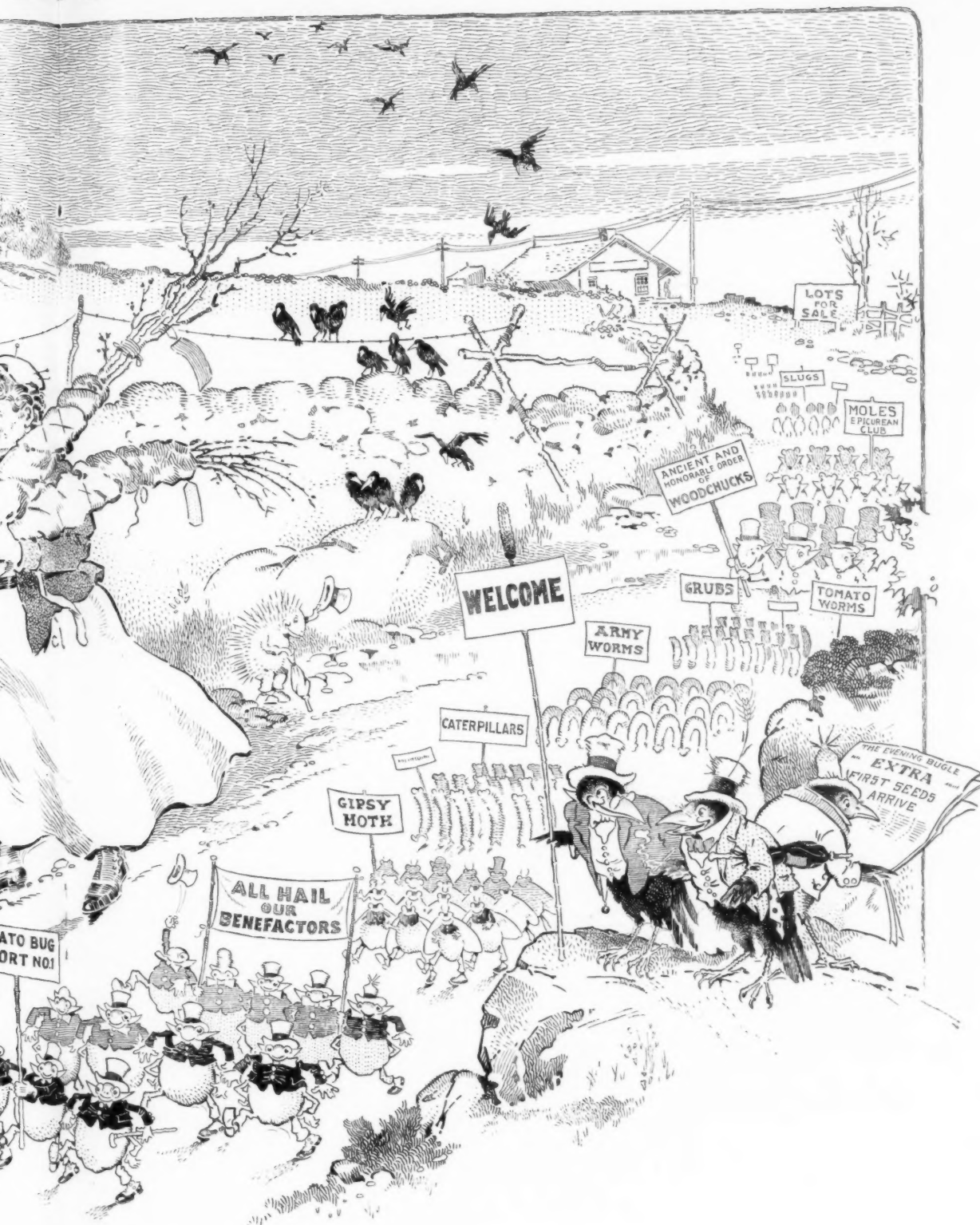


THE COMING STYLE (?)



HARRISON CADY

ON THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR FIRST ORDER OF SEEDS,
ARE ESCORTED BY ENTHUSIAST

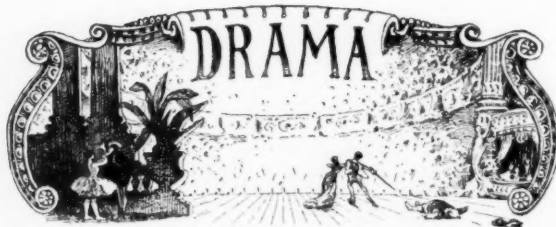


ORDER OF SEEDS, ETC., MR. AND MRS. GARDENER
 TED BY ENTHUSIASTIC NATIVES



PURIFIED SPORT

WHEN THE SIN OF BETTING IS ABOLISHED



The Great Vogue of Vaudeville

SOME good reason must underlie the fact that vaudeville throughout the United States is furnishing stage amusement to a great many more persons than attend what are called the legitimate theatres. There are two reasons—the legitimate houses under the control of the Theatrical Trust have fooled the public so often by giving bad or mediocre entertainment at excessive prices that they have lost the confidence of the public, and the vaudeville theatres, on the other hand, have been for a long time improving the character of the entertainment they offer and have tried to satisfy their patrons instead of to swindle them.

The readers of LIFE are probably not to any great extent patrons of vaudeville, but as a factor in the theatrical situation it is quite worth their consideration. Let us take a recent typical vaudeville performance at Keith and Proctor's Fifth Avenue

Theatre. These managers have studied the public and are apparently good judges of what vaudeville patrons want. First off, the best seats are one dollar each, and this means one dollar, and not two dollars, as at the regular theatres, where two dollars means seats in the back row unless an additional price be paid to a speculator or agent who divides the excess with the management. Next it seems to be the duty and apparently the pleasure of every one connected with the house to be polite and courteous to its patrons instead of treating them with the gruffness and toughness that seems to say, "Well, we've got your money and what do we care for you?"

* * *

THE entertainment may be marred by the disconnectedness which grieved Mr. Mackaye because of its effect on the mental processes, but it is at least clean and good of its kind. Let us go through this one programme. First, there is an overture by a fairly good orchestra. Then comes an exhibition of combined juggling and xylophone playing, the latter done with an expertness to make the xylophone seem almost a musical instrument. Then a playlet of no consequence in itself and crudely acted, but justified by an exciting fencing combat which brings down the curtain with thrills and laughter. The next number consists of songs and monologue by a young woman who has been a leading artist in musical comedy at the expensive houses. This is followed by a musical number which produces remarkable results from the fact that the music is produced by nine persons playing simultaneously on a grand and four upright pianos. Then we have a playlet, in which that old-time favorite of New York, Miss Rose Coghlan,

demonstrates by her work that there are better artists on the vaudeville stage than a good many pushed to high places in the regular theatres. In the next number the Elinore Sisters, conversationalists, develop an absolutely original kind of fun, not over-refined, but irresistible. Mr. Burr McIntosh shows some interesting and really educational pictures of our colonial possessions, and incidentally shows the absurdity and injustice shown by the Republican party in dealing with such questions as the Philippine tariff on sugar, the pay of the army and the abolition of the canteen. Following this is an athletic pantomime by a numerous English company, which shows humorously and with considerable fidelity some aspects of slum life in London. The whole entertainment concludes with a display of excellent moving pictures.

Here is far more wholesome and far more varied entertainment than is to be found in most of the so-called musical comedies which monopolize so many of our better theatres. The amusement provided is frankly intended to please the average taste and the average intelligence. There is no evidence of effort to instruct or elevate. But, also, there is nothing in all this to degrade. In these respects the influence of vaudeville is negative. It is amusement and nothing but amusement, and, being that, is entitled to quite as much respect, perhaps more, than a good many more pretentious entertainments which hold out to amuse but do not accomplish even that.

PROFESSOR FELIX E. SCHELLING, of the University of Pennsylvania, has just issued, in two volumes, through Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, an authoritative and monumental work entitled "Elizabethan Drama, 1558-1642." This covers completely the period of Shakespeare's activities, and the work should be in every stage student's library.

The chapter entitled "The London Playhouse" should especially be read by the authorities of some of our interior educational institutions who look askance at performances of Shakespeare given under modern conditions, but who have lent the light of their countenances and their support to the curious presentations of Mr. Ben Greet, because Mr. Greet said they were "Elizabethan." A perusal of this chapter will show just how much real authority Mr. Ben Greet or any one else has for saying what the conditions were under which Shakespeare produced his plays. We know only one thing with any certainty and that is that in Shakespeare's time the female characters were assumed by boys. Mr. Greet does not hesitate to do absurd things, based more or less on theory, but he goes directly against the sole certainty and intrusts the female

roles not only to women but to women of such inexperience and inexperience that he makes us wish that he had been more faithfully "Elizabethan," even to the extent of, as the author quotes, making "some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness."

It is to be feared that a general reading of Professor Schelling's work among the authorities of our minor educational institutions may have a tendency to reduce the estimation of the excellence and erudition of Mr. Ben Greet's productions.

ALL indications point to an even earlier than usual closing of the present theatrical season. It is difficult to estimate whether this is due to prevailing business conditions, to the growing fondness for out-of-door and country life or to a dearth of attractive theatrical material. It is a fact, though, that some houses are already going "dark" and that there are few novelties in sight.

IT SEEMS almost impossible for dramatic writers not to confuse the New Theatre with the National Theatre idea. The attempt to secure an English director should furnish complete refutation. Still more convincing is the fact that the English director refused to consider the New Theatre seriously as an artistic undertaking.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—Repertory of grand opera in Italian. Notice later.

Astor—"Paid in Full." Mr. Eugene Walter's well-constructed, absorbing and excellently presented play of contemporary life.

Belasco—"The Warrens of Virginia," by Mr. De Mille. Charming little war romance well staged and well acted by company headed by Mr. Frank Keenan and Miss Charlotte Walker.

Bijou—Mr. Harry Dixey and Company in "Papa Lebonnard." Notice later.

Casino—Light but amusing musical piece, "Nearly a Hero," with Mr. Sam Bernard as the comedian.

Daly's—"Girls," by Clyde Fitch. Clever, very up-to-date farcical comedy dealing with the laughable predicaments of girl bachelors in New York.

Empire—Mr. George Ade's "Father and the Boys," with Mr. William H. Crane as the star. Agreeable comedy, with Mr. Crane in his old-time form.

Hackett—"The Witching Hour." Most interesting play, dealing with the marvels and mysteries of telepathy and delightfully acted by Mr. John Mason, Mr. Russ Whytal and good cast.

Herald Square—"The Girl Behind the Counter." Mr. Lew Fields and competent company in laughable musical piece.

Hippodrome—"The Battle of Port Arthur" and "The Four Seasons." Spectacle and ballet with new circus features.

Hudson—Mr. Otis Skinner in "The Honor of the Family." Amusing episode of Napoleonic days made into pleasant little comedy.

Lincoln Square—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Lyric—Mr. E. H. Sothorn in "Don Quixote." Notice later.

Madison Square Garden—Last week of the Barnum and Bailey circus. A very good circus, indeed.

Majestic—Williams and Walker in "Bandanna Land." Clever colored folks making fun and music.

Stuyvesant—"The Music Master." Laughable and pathetic comedy, with Mr. Warfield's great impersonation of Von Barwig.

Weber's Music Hall—"The Merry Widow," buskined to fit the abilities of Mr. Weber and his company.

West End—Dramatic attractions with weekly change of bill.

In Their Earlier Days



MR. HARRY DIXEY, IN THE SEVENTIES



MISS KATE BATEMAN, IN 1868



ON THE outside cover of Ellen Glasgow's novel, *The Ancient Law*, it is set down that Miss Glasgow's work "shows a moral earnestness that causes it to tower" . . . etc. It seems to us that, without quite realizing it, the writer of that sentence has stumbled on a diagnosis. Moral earnestness is invaluable, but it is strong medicine. One-fortieth of a grain of it in an adult novel is a powerful tonic. But an overdose is dangerous and "causing one to tower" is a septic symptom. *The Ancient Law* is a story of the south, and traces the self-rehabilitation of an ex-convict of good family. It is full of human touches and human beings. In spots it is positively self-forgetful. But as a whole it is nothing because it insists upon "towering."

H. Fielding Hall's *The Inward Light* is, in a sense, an exposition of Buddhism. But its purpose is not a categorical explanation, it is rather to make concretely intelligible a point of view. This is always the more delicate task. Moreover it demands, on the part of the reader, not only complacency but cooperation. To say, even with this reservation understood, that Mr. Hall has succeeded, is high praise. He has invented, for his carrying medium, a European traveler sheltered after an accident in a Buddhist monastery of northern India. The mechanism does not always run noiselessly, but it is efficient. It carries its load.

Mr. Roy Norton indulges in an ingenious flight of fancy (and air-ships of war) in his account of *The Vanishing Fleets*. This is a graphic and highly imaginative account of an invention in aeronautics, its secret purchase by the United States and its cataclysmic effect on the question of international armaments. The story is badly injured by the dragging in of an extraneous and shamefaced "love interest." But it is only fair to remember that if Jules Verne had had an American publisher, he would probably have had to inject a "love interest" into *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*.

Felix E. Schilling's newly published work upon *Elizabethan Drama, 1558-1642*, is one of intrinsic importance and textual interest. The author's attitude is that of an enthusiastic and learned genealogist, dealing with a brilliant but prolific family whose living members have been his intimates and whose annals have been his hobby. There are, indeed, times when a mere outsider almost suffocates in the labyrinth of poor relations; but there are more when the clear analysis of family traits, their identification in various generations and the deft characterization of individual members, offer both literary and intellectual pleasure. The second volume includes a useful bibliographical essay and an alphabetical list of some seven-hundred plays.

Do not pick out *The Stem of the Crimson Dahlia* under the impression that it is a symbolic tale of mad love in full blos-



THE ONLY APPARENT SOLUTION

The Guard: LIVELY THERE NOW—BOTH GATES!

som. It is an innocent and highly proper story of Russian intrigue in the Balkans, and the flower stem in question is a revolutionary token with which the hero, the heroine and a company of amateurs play "Dahlia, dahlia, who has the dahlia?" If Mr. James Locke is to be relied upon, Bulgarian conspirators are a singularly ingenious and confiding lot and poor hands at killing kings. However, they kill time.

Days Off contains a collection of pleasant interludes and anecdotes by Henry Van Dyke; vacation stories of Canadian camps, chats with "Uncle Peter," fragments of sentimental philosophy, informal digressions into questions of opinion and prejudice. Its matter is of no great moment, but its manners are delightful.

A little volume called *My Enemy the Motor*, by Julian Street, gives a short account of an automobile trip from Paris to London and return. It is, in a way, an absurd thing to make a book of. It does not constitute a story. It has no plot, no climax, no dénouement. It has no *raison d'être* but this: that it is laughably and basically human, and if you hold a mirror to its lips it clouds it.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Ancient Law, by Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)
The Inward Light, by H. Fielding Hall. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.)
The Vanishing Fleets, by Roy Norton. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)
Elizabethan Drama, 1558-1642, by Felix E. Schilling. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Two volumes. \$7.50.)
The Stem of the Crimson Dahlia, by James Locke. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.50.)
Days Off, by Henry Van Dyke. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)
My Enemy the Motor, by Julian Street. (The John Lane Company. \$1.00.)

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A LOVER'S PITY

FOR THE OTHER MEN WHEN HE SECURES THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE WORLD

Some Experiments on Vivisectors

BY DR. A. MONGREL PUPPE



HE old-fashioned and extremely foolish prejudice against cutting up live human beings in the interests of the animal kingdom having been removed, I am able to report some interesting operations.

My first subject was a large fat vivisector. He was walking aimlessly along the street when one of my agents grabbed him and after a fierce fight got him in the ambulance, when he was brought up to my laboratory and strapped to a table in the usual manner.

I wish to state right here that he experienced no unnecessary pain. It is high time that foolish fanatics who hysterically object to honest investigation should ask themselves whether or not they desire to reap for themselves and their children the benefit of our hard work in this field. Unless we cut up a few live vivisectors

occasionally, how are we going to make any vast strides in surgery?

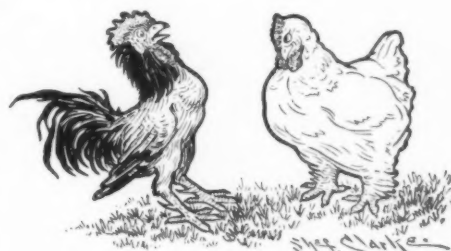
He squirmed a good deal at first, and I was about to chloroform him but discovered in time that his heart action was not good, so I mercifully gagged him to stop his cries, and proceeded to make an incision in the lumbar region to discover if possible if peritonitis could be superinduced. Just as I was comfortably inside, the gag worked loose and the noise was so great that I had to knock him over the head with a billet which was fortunately near. It would never have done to be raided at this important point.

Rapidly removing the stomach, spleen, appendix, and other details, I soon had him quite empty, and then applied De Spaniel's solution of salt (Formula No. 4) to the interior for the purpose of noticing the stimuli. It was wonderful. At once he almost jumped out of the straps—all purely reflex, as he was still apparently unconscious, although, of course, it is quite possible that he was keeping quiet just to fool me.

This convinces me that we as a species do not take enough salt water baths, and I shall at once open up a sanitarium at some popular seaside resort where they can be given properly.

"THEY say that Deacon Sparker speculates in Wall Street with the Sunday-school funds."

"Well, it might be worse. They might have gone to some foreign missionary society."



"ARE YOU FOND OF RICE, MISS HEN?"
"OH, MR. LEGHORN! TE-HE, THIS IS SO SUDDEN!"



SOME SIGNS

When the bills they try to pass
Do not budge you from your groove,
When the actions of the House
Of no further interest prove,
And your mind is only bent
On a flat in which to move—
Then it's Spring.

When you do not care a hang
How much dirt has flown of late,
When the Panama Canal
Doesn't stir your soul sedate,
And the only dig you want
Is the joyful one for bait—
Then it's Spring.

When you do not care a cent
Where its crazy blows are at,
When the Big Stick doesn't raise
Any interest in the spat,
When you only care to read
Of the mighty baseball bat—
Then it's Spring.

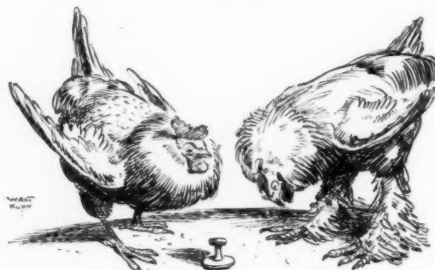
—Evening Sun.

"So THEY never use profanity?"

"Certainly not," answered the statesman. "The thunderous expletives with which our language is being enriched will presently make the man who uses mere profanity seem like a molly-coddle."—Washington Star.

THE CHEERFUL POOR

"How are things?" inquired the first Wall Street magnate.
"Well," answered the second Wall Street magnate, "we have a half a terrapin in the cellar and the panic's over. We won't starve."—Wasp.



"THIS MUST BE A PRIZE—I'VE ALWAYS HEARD THAT COLLAR-BUTTONS ARE SO HARD TO FIND!"

"LADIES," called the president of the Afternoon Whist Club, "ladies, it has been moved and seconded that there shall be no conversation at the card tables. What shall we do with the motion?"

"I suggest that we discuss it while we play," piped a shrill voice from table A. And the suggestion was adopted.—The News.

GETTING HIS OWN BACK

An iron-worker, having had the worst of an argument with a friend, decided to get even with him.

Waiting, therefore, until his enemy had retired to rest one night, he approached his street door and knocked loudly in order to wake him.

Opening the bedroom window, the other hurriedly inquired what the noise was all about.

"Why," replied the outside one, "one of your windows is wide open."

"Which one?"

"Why, the one you have your head through," chuckled the other, as he went away satisfied with the success of his plot.—Illustrated Bits.

A BAD BARGAIN

A story is told of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan, that one day when coming back from shooting, with an empty bag, and seeing a number of ducks in a pond, while near by a man was leaning on a fence watching them, Sheridan asked:

"What will you take for a shot at the ducks?"

"Well," said the man, thoughtfully, "I'll take half a sovereign."

"Done," said Sheridan, and he fired into the middle of the flock, killing a dozen or more. "I'm afraid you made a bad bargain," said Sheridan, laughing.

"I don't know about that," the man replied. "The're not my ducks."—The Christian Advocate.

TO THE POINT

ELDERLY AUNT: I suppose you wondered, dear little Hans, why I left you so abruptly in the lane. I saw a man, and oh, how I ran!

HANS: Did you get him?—Fliegende Blätter.

"I want a good revolver," began the determined-looking man.

"Yes, sir," said the salesman. "Six chambers?"

"Why—er—you'd better make it a nine chamber. I want to use it on a cat next door."—London Express.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

PREFERENCE

A chap may have a touring car
Of sixty horse or so,
And scorn to hire a French chauffeur
To make the critter go;
Yet, though it be a boundless joy
To chauff your own machine,
Me for a quiet seat with her,
'Way back in the limousine.

—Princeton Tiger.

FAILED TO RELIEVE

On the mighty deep.
The great ocean liner rolled and pitched.
"Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?"
"More than ever, darling!" was Henry's fervent answer.
Then there was an eloquent silence.
"Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away,
"I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't!"—
The Southwestern's Book.

CONCLUSIVE

"I found the Giltedges," said the reporter. "There's nothing in the rumor of a divorce."
"Sure of that?"
"Sure! Why, they were shopping together, and he was right at her elbow just as much interested as she was."
"That settles it," said the city editor, with an air of finality.—
Philadelphia Ledger.

A TEST OF MENTALITY

"You have a high appreciation of your wife's intellectuality,"
"I should say I have. She's a marvel. She knows how to keep score in a bridge whist game."—*Washington Star.*

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet.*

PRACTISING FOR THE COTILLION

"Nobody ever told me that I was a good dancer," declared Edward M. Greenway, leader of cotillions. "But I'll tell you a compliment a young woman did pay me once. She said: 'You took me through that crowd without a collision and without any one treading on my skirt.'"

"Well, I never had a dancing lesson in my life. But I used to practise dancing in the days when women wore those great long trains and it was not considered good form to pick them up. They trailed along behind several yards. Those were the days when you had to guide and keep moving with your partner so as to keep that train following gracefully."

"But how did you practise?"

"Used to tie two sheets to an ordinary chair and then dance in and out among a dozen chairs scattered over a dance floor."—
San Francisco Chronicle.

ADVERTAS

The splendor falls on castle walls (labeled "Mennen's").
And snowy summits old in story ("Buy Zig's Rye—Very Oldest Procurable").

The long light shakes across the lakes (See Ivory Soap ad).
And the wild cataract leaps in glory (Triscuit—Made at the Falls).

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying (Victor—His Master's Voice).

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying (Wiggins—Undertaker).—*Harvard Lampoon.*

JUSTICE TEMPERED WITH MERCY

JUDGE (to prisoner): We are now going to read you a list of your former convictions.

PRISONER: In that case, perhaps your lordship will allow me to sit down.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

WICKED NEW YORK

"The police dogs are honest," reads a heading in the New York World. Well, that's something. But it must be remembered that those dogs are new to New York yet. Wait.—
Tacoma News.

TWO AGES OF MEN

There are two periods in a man's life when he is unable to understand women. One is before marriage and the other after.—*Harper's Weekly.*

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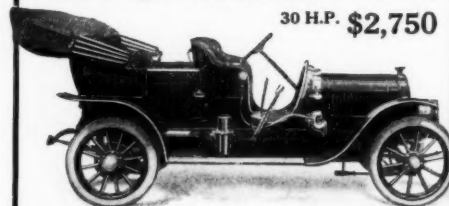
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The Art of Complimenting

ALL people enjoy being complimented, though many say they do not. But this denial comes either of affectation, shyness or over-self-consciousness. There is no conceivable subject on which people do not take pleasure in a well-turned compliment. They like one on their good looks, their wit, or grace, the books they have written, their touch on the piano, the puddings or pies they make, their babies, their sermons, their everything, from the heavens above to the earth beneath, and the waters that be under the earth.

To study the art of complimenting one needs only to familiarize himself with recorded instances of those who have been past masters in the way of doing it both sincerely and delightfully. When, for example, Turgot, that noblest of French statesmen and lover of humanity, came to Paris to greet Voltaire, he was so piteously afflicted with gout in both legs as scarcely to be able to move. "As I look on M. Turgot," said Voltaire, "I think I see the statue of Nebuchadnezzar." "Yes," said Turgot, "the feet of clay." "And the head of gold! The head of gold!" replied Voltaire.

When Sir Joshua Reynolds was painting the portrait of Mrs. Billington (an entrancing singer in her day) in the character of St. Cecilia listening to the celestial music on high, she took with her the great composer, Haydn, and showed him the picture. "It is like," said Haydn, "but there is a strange mistake." "What is that?" hastily asked Reynolds. "You have painted her listening to the angels; you ought to have painted the angels listening to her." "Mrs. Billington sprang up and threw her arms around my neck," added Haydn.—*Boston Herald*.

A Benevolent Traitor

D^{R.} FRANZ HARTMANN, in the *Health Record*, makes this confession:

"When I was practising medicine in Texas, a great many years ago, an epidemic of smallpox appeared in the town where I lived. Of course, I had to 'vaccinate' a great many people, or, at least, to pretend to do so, if I did not wish to lose reputation and practice; but as this method was against my interior conviction, instead of using vaccine matter I only used a drop of glycerine, which could do no harm. Strange as it may appear, of all those persons whom I thus 'vaccinated' and 'revaccinated' not a single one died; but of those who were vaccinated in the regular way a great many took smallpox and passed through the portals of death.

"I hope that the time will arrive when the poisoning of people by 'vaccination' will be laughed at as a ridiculous farce, and laid on the shelf in the same way as the obligatory periodical blood-letting and other humbugs of old.

News of the Theatres

AT LEAST a dozen times during the past year letters have come to *The Evening Sun* asking where copies of the poem whose refrain has become in less than a year an accepted byword in theatrical life could be obtained. We refer, of course, to "Ain't It Awful, Mabel?" In view of the fact that we had never seen a copy of the poem ourselves until last Friday night, and only knew it by the snatches of it which we had heard quoted almost diurnally, we were never able to comply with the request. However, at a beefsteak dinner given by the members of the "Miss Hook of Holland" company to Mr. Thomas Reynolds, the English stage manager, on the eve of his departure for England, the poem was recited by its author, Mr. John Edward Hazzard, and he has given his permission to have it republished in *The Evening Sun*.

"Ain't It Awful, Mabel?" has had rather a queer history," explained Mr. Hazzard. "I got the idea from the conversation of two chorus girls which

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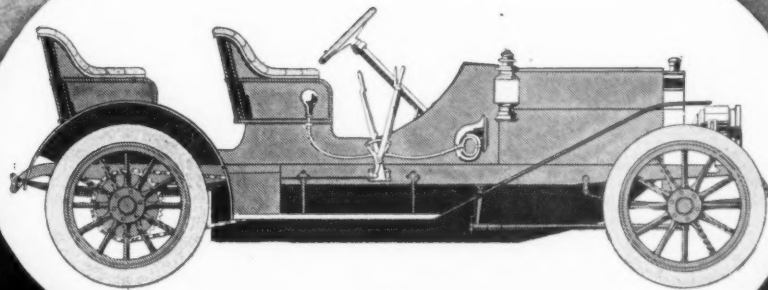
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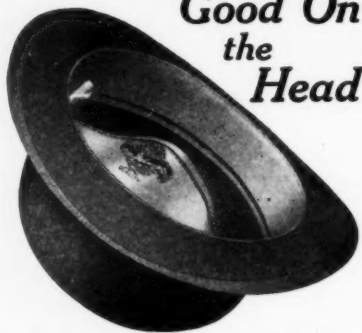
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I couldn't help overhearing, as they occupied the next dressing room to mine when I was playing in a musical comedy. I jotted the verses down that night and recited them at a supper party two or three days later. It made such a hit that each of the eight dear ladies present begged me to give her a copy of it to put in her scrap-book. Being both young, enthusiastic and obliging I complied. In fact, I sent them each a copy before I sent the poem to the weekly publication which had offered to send me a good fat check for it.

"Three days later, to my amazement, it was published in part in the columns of a theatrical weekly. And when I saw it there I don't mind telling you that among other things I said, 'Ain't it awful, Mabel?' myself. However, perhaps I shall eventually make some money out of the poem after all, for I have included it in my bunch of more or less poems which I have published under the title of 'Poetry and Rot.' In the meantime I am not giving any more unpublished poems to ladies to put in their scrap-books."

The poem runs as follows:

AIN'T IT AWFUL, MABEL?
It worries me to beat the band
To hear folks say our lives is grand,
Wish they'd try some one-night stand.
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Nothin' ever seems to suit—
The manager's an awful brute;
Spend our lives jest lookin' cute.
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Met a boy last Tuesday night,
Was spendin' money left and right—
Me, gee! I couldn't eat a bite!
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Then I met another guy—
Hungry! well, I thought I'd die!
But I couldn't make him buy.
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Lots of men has called me dear,
Said without me life was drear,
But man is all so unsincere!
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

I tell you, life is mighty hard,
I've had proposals by the yard—
Some of 'em would 'a had me starved.
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Remember that sealskin sacque of mine?
When I got it, look'd awful fine—
I found out it was a shine.
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

Prima donna's sore on me;
My roses had her up a tree—
I jest told her to "twenty-three."
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

My dear, she went right out and wired
The New York office to have me "fired";
But say! 'twas the author had me hired.
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

I think hotels is awful mean,
Jim and me put out of room sixteen—
An' we was only readin' Laura Jean.
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

The way folks talk about us too;
For the smallest thing we do—
'Nuff to make a girl feel blue.
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

My Gawd! is that the overture?
I never will be on, I'm sure—
The things us actresses endure.
Ain't it awful, Mabel?

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Champ Clark's Story on Arkansas

CHAMP CLARK, Representative from Missouri, dearly loves a good story at the expense of the State of Arkansas.

"One day," said Mr. Clark, in the course of a political conversation, and branching off from the main subject, "as a train from the East pulled up at the dinky little station of a most depressing town in the fever-and-ague district of Arkansas, a passenger, thrusting his head out of the car window, demanded, in bitter tones, of a dejected-looking citizen who was leaning against the station door: 'Tell me, what do you call this dried up, dreary, God-forsaken place?' 'That's near enough,' replied the native in a melancholy voice, 'let it go at that.'"—*Washington Herald*.

FOR some time the Mexican papers have been attacking the *Transvias Eléctricos*, chiefly on the ground of their frightful annual slaughter. *El Diario* has a series of pictures showing a tall man in a silk hat and red domino entering the infernal regions. Satan is sitting on one of two thrones, and the conversation which ensues, being translated, is as follows:

"What does the lost soul wish?"

"A place at your side."

"Why? Who are you, my bold friend?"

"The soul of a man who used to manage an enterprise which counted more than seven hundred victims every year."

"A conqueror?"

"No!"

"An emulator of Herod?"

"No!"

"An executioner?"

"No!"

"Who are you, then, that you dare my immense power?"

"I am the soul of the Managing Director of the Electric Trolley Road of Mexico City."

At this Satan clambers down from his throne precipitately, and, with elaborate bowings, says:

"Ah! You should have said so sooner! Sit at my right!"

Assets

THERE is a young fellow in Pittsburg who will undoubtedly "get along," although, as yet, he has not succeeded in amassing vast wealth. In fact, he receives a weekly wage of \$15. He is, however, an extremely good-looking and entertaining young man, and not long ago succeeded in making such an impression upon the daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer that it was decided between them that he "should ask papa." This he proceeded to do, and, to his surprise, was received not unkindly.

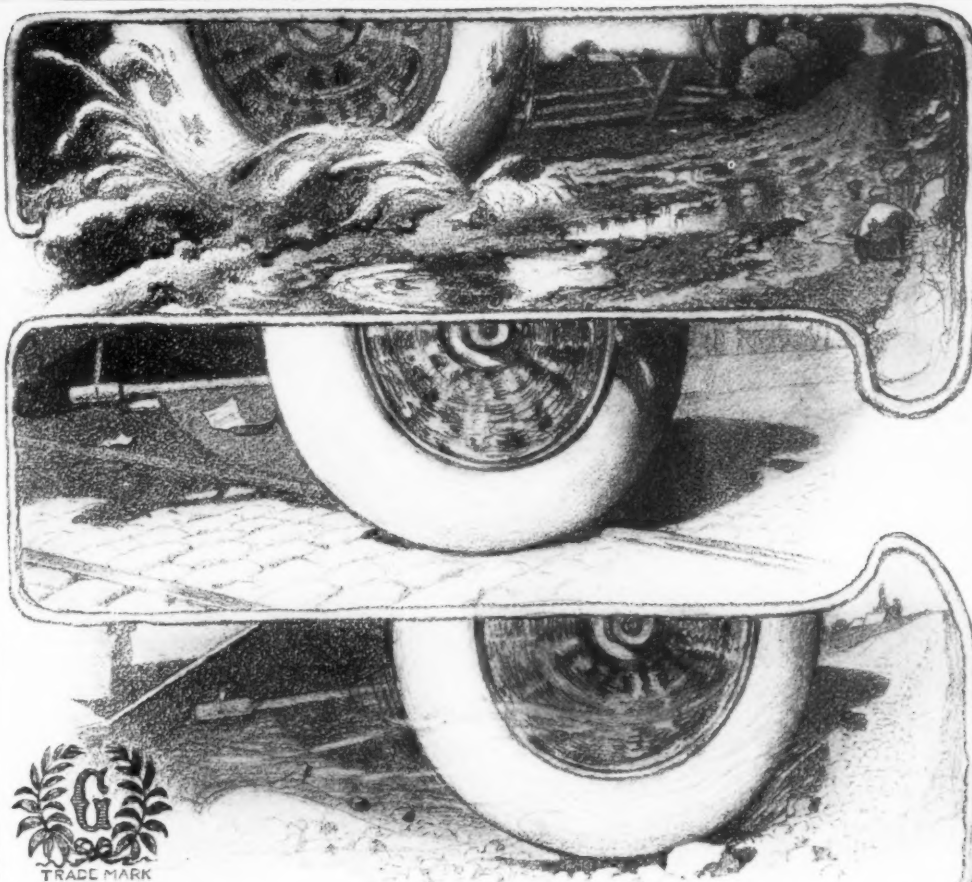
"Well, let's see, my boy," the old man remarked, pushing up his glasses. "What is your annual income?"

"Well, sir, I should estimate it at \$2,000," the young man replied.

"Well—not so bad, not so bad," the old man said. "That added to her interest at four per cent. on the \$50,000 I have always said I would settle upon Mary at her marriage would give you \$4,000. You should be able to get along."

"Well, sir, to tell the truth," the young man interrupted, "I took the liberty of figuring that interest into my estimate."—*Harper's Weekly*.

A NEW YORKER, recently returned from England, where he saw much of the tinsel and tin armor pageantry by which various anniversaries have been celebrated at Oxford and elsewhere, tells this: A Roman in costume approached a fellow-tinned character and asked: "Are you Appius Claudius?" "No," responded the other, dejectedly, "I'm not as 'appy as Claudius; I'm as un'appy as 'ell!"—*Argonaut*.



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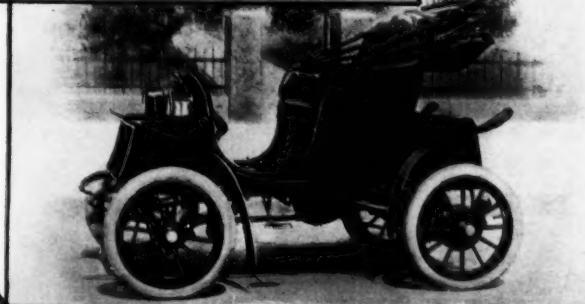
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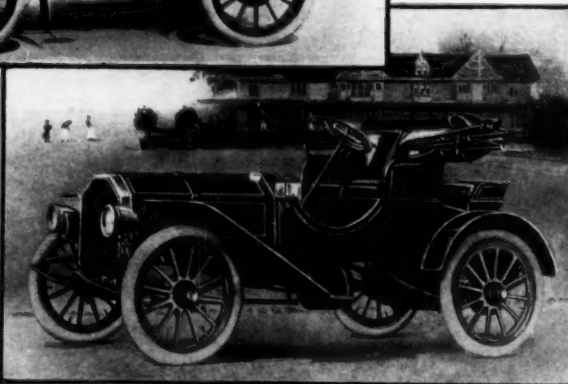
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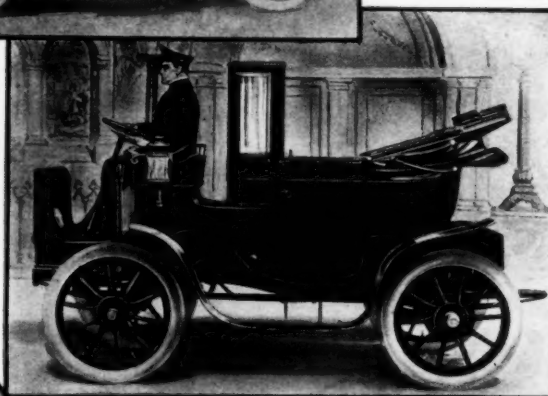
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